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LOPEZ AND WEMYSS' EDITION.

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1828
The Acting American Theatre.

No. V.

MARMION;

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OR,

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

A DRAMA,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JAMES N. BARKER, Esq.

WITH

A PORTRAIT OF MR. DUFF,

IN THE

CHARACTER OF MARMION.

THE PLAYS CAREFULLY CORRECTED FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS OF THE
PHILADELPHIA THEATRE.

BY M. LOPEZ, PROMPTER.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY A. R. POOLE, AND ASH & MASON: P. THOMPSON,
WASHINGTON: H. W. BOOL, BALTIMORE: E. M. MURDEN, NEW
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ALL THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS IN
THE UNITED STATES.

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Printed by B. Rogers.

MR. DUFF.

AS MARMION.

Engraved by A.B.Durand from a painting by J.Neagle

Lopez & Wemyss' Edition.

Published by A.R.Poole Philad."

1826

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LOPEZ AND WEMYSS' EDITION.

ACTING AMERICAN THEATRE.

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As they are performed at the Philadelphia Theatre;

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ENGRAVED FROM PORTRAITS EXECUTED FOR THE WORK,

BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

BY M. LOPEZ, PROMPTER,

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1826



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“*Lopez and Wemyss’ Edition. Acting American Theatre, containing the most popular plays, as they are performed at the Philadelphia Theatre; carefully corrected and published from the Prompt Books; and accompanied with likenesses of distinguished Performers, in characters, engraved from portraits executed for the work, by eminent artists. By M. Lopez, Prompter, of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Theatres.*”

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D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

LOPEZ AND WEMYSS' EDITION.

7

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JESPER HARDING, PRINTER.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

1826.

Philadelphia.

<i>Marmion</i>	Mr. Duff.
<i>King James</i>	Mr. Fielding.
<i>De Wilton</i>	Mr. Wood.
<i>Earl Douglas</i>	Mr. Warren.
<i>Earl Surrey</i>	Mr. Webb.
<i>Edmund Howard</i>	Mr. Bignal.
<i>Fitz-Eustace</i>	Mr. Garner.
<i>Blunt</i>	Mr. J. Jefferson.
<i>Lindsay</i>	Mr. Hathwell.
<i>Marchmont</i>	Mr. Porter.
<i>Pursuivant</i>	Mr. Murray.
<i>Abbot</i>	Mr. Wheatly.
<i>Host</i>	Mr. Mestayer.
<i>Usher</i>	Mr. Collins.
<i>Monks</i>	Messrs. Parker, Meer, &c
<i>Lords, knights, citizens, heralds, pursuivants, trumpeters, masques, boys, monks, soldiers.</i>	
<i>Constance</i>	Mrs. Wood.
<i>Clara</i> ..	Mrs. Anderson.
<i>Lady Heron</i>	Mrs. Burke.
<i>Abbess</i>	Mrs. Mestayer.
<i>Prioress</i>	Mrs. Jefferson.
<i>Jannett</i>	Miss Hathwell.
<i>Ladies, nuns, masques, &c</i>	Mrs. Meer, Miss Mestayers, &c

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

By R. H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L. H.....		Left Hand.
S. E.....		Second Entrance.
U. E.....		Upper Entrance.
M. D.....		Middle Door.
D. F.....		Door in Flat.
R. H. D.....		Right Hand Door.
L. H. D.....		Left Hand Door.

Time of representation.—Two hours and thirty minutes.

MARMION.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The interior of St. Cuthbert's Abbey. The architecture of the Saxon style. At the extremity of the apartment, an arcade supported by short massive pillars. As the day dawns, the sea is partially descried through a large window. The matin song closing. BLUNT enters R. H.; stops and listens.

Blunt. So: there's an end, I hope.—Hear it St. Cuthbert,
And speed our journey.—Welcome at last, Fitz-Eustace!

Enter FITZ-EUSTACE, through the arch. Centre.

Is the mass sung, and our lord Marmion blest
With bell and book and candle?

Eus.

All is over.

Why did you leave the chapel?

Blunt.

Faith! because

The nuns, sweet souls, were veiled; and the old abbot,
He pater-nostered me out of all patience. (*Music.*)

(*Monks and Nuns pass behind the grating of the centre door from R. H. to L. H. as if from the chapel.*)

Ay, there the drones go, humming to their cells.

I marvel Marmion stays; the lav'rock fife
Sounded reveille, full an hour ago—
The east is purpled like a friar's face;
Besides, the sea will soon surround the isle.
Where lingers Marmion?

Eus. After the service,
Lord Marmion sought a converse with the abbot.

Blunt. And what a plague has he to say to monks,
Now, when he should be parleying with monarchs!
Did not the last night's courier bring him order
For instant setting out?—

Eus. He did; and scarce
Breathed his fleet horse, ere he was gone again,
To seek the king's lieutenant, noble Surrey.—
Our English chivalry will soon be up,
With faces toward the Tweed.—The Scottish king
Must to our lord explain, or Surrey's cannon
Will thunder repetition of his question.

Blunt. Now, gude St. Andrew, with your bonny
thistle,
Prickle his Scottish blood, and give us war.

(*The Palmer crosses in front of the arch from
U. E. R. H. to L. H. and Exits.*)

Eus. Behold our guide—

Blunt. Our guide!

Eus. A pious Palmer,
Who, on his way to shrines beyond the Forth,
Turned from his path to sleep in Holy Isle.
He travels last from Rome—but Palestine
And Egypt he has traversed.

Blunt. Marry, who is he?

Eus. I know not: but the monks do shrink from
him

As he were not of clay. They say, all night,
Within his cell, were muttering voices heard,
And stifled groans, and sounds inimitable
By mortal organ.

Blunt. I've not heard his voice,

But such an eye!—while he knelt in the chapel,
I caught a glimpse of it beneath his cowl—
It chilled me like an ague—but no matter,
If he but guide us straight to Holy-rood.
No Marmion yet! Can *he* then flag in duty—
Marmion—the hero—who before his king,
Proved in the combat-lists de Wilton's treason,
And robbed him of his life, and won his lady!—

Eus. Not so, good Blunt—the beauteous lady Clare,
Doting on Wilton's memory, flies our lord,
Resisting the king's mandate.—

Blunt. Yet he'll have her;
He's a shrewd gamester that way—

Eus. Peace, you prater.

Blunt. His pretty page, young Constant, who so
long
Has followed him—have you not marked of late,
How sad she seems?—

Eus. *She seems!*

Blunt. Psha! *he*—the boy.
Methinks our lord grows cool——

Eus. No more of this.
If you must prattle, choose a fitter theme—
A squire's discourse should be of deeds of arms.

Blunt. Well! let me see a field—'tis all I ask—
And if I pick not up a pair of spurs,
May my good steed, for very lack of them,
Stand like a stock in the charge—and you pass by me.

Eus. But see—our lord!

Blunt. Praise be to Reverend Cuthbert.

Music. Enter MARMION, U. E. L. H. attended by a
PAGE, EIGHT SOLDIERS, TWO OFFICERS, and the
ABBOT. The Soldiers and Officers range two deep
across the stage, in front of arch. The PALMER
follows and remains behind the Soldiers.

Mar. (R. H.) Now on toward Scotland.—Holy, Sir,
farewell.

Ab. (L. H.) Shall Scotland long detain our gentle son?

Mar. Till James disperse his swarm of mountain-eers,

Or warlike Surrey call me to his side.

Ab. Alas! what madness can possess man's brain
To war against his brother!

Mar. But, good Abbot,
We go in search of peace.

Ab. The cherub dwells
With gentleness, and meek humility.

Mar. Ay, in the cloister these are fit companions—
But in the world it lives with firm decision,
With manly readiness, and bold defiance.—
Never did coward know security,
For cold inaction but invites the blow.—
Besides, our monarch's is the cause of justice.

Ab. Then it will be successful. Heaven itself
Wars for the righteous.

Mar. Ever, Reverend Sir,
Truth must prevail.

Pal. (in a deep hollow voice) Dare Marmion say
that?

Music. *Marmion starts, and crosses to L. H. The Abbot raises his hands in horror. The Soldiers in consternation open to the right and left, and discover the Palmer leaning on his staff, his eyes fixed on Marmion. His dress is sable, with St. Peter's keys in red; his cowl conceals most part of his face.*

Ab. Who doubts Heaven's justice?

Pal. Listen, father, listen—
Even in holy Palestine I saw it—
A weak and wasted minister of Heaven,
(By fasting weak, wasted by midnight prayer,)—
Slain by a foe to truth, a Saracen.

Ab. Thrice-blessed martyr!

Pal. True; and yet the guilty

Triumphed, and lived, and, in the face of heaven,
Dared talk of truth and justice.

Mar. (*much disturbed*) Sound to horse!—(*Music.*)

Marmion gives orders to Blunt and Fitz-Eustace, who Exeunt R. H. Bugle. Music. As soon as the music commences, Marmion's train Exeunt R. H. Marmion walks up. The Palmer is the last to retire. Marmion, as he comes down, shrinks from his gaze—then collecting himself, approaches the Abbot, and grasps his hand earnestly.

Mar. Abbot, remember.

Ab. Son, depend upon me.

Mar. Dare not deceive me,—Now, unhappy victim,
Dear to my heart, but bar to my ambition,
Farewell, for ever!—

Con. (*without L. H.*) Stay, lord Marmion, stay!

Music. Marmion starts. Constance appears at the lower end of the stage, wild and haggard, from U. E. L. H. Her dress the livery of Marmion. PRIORESS follows.

Mar. Did you not tell me, Abbot, she was safe?

Ab. Not mine the fault, my lord. I gave strict charge—

Pri. Even at the bugle's sound, with frenzy's force,
She burst away.—

Ab. Daughter, retire with me.

Con. I have a solemn secret to impart
To the lord Marmion—to him alone. (*Music.*)

Abbot and Prioress Exeunt U. E. L. H.—a pause—a strain of music, commencing wildly, and closing with tenderness; Constance rushes to Marmion, and falls at his feet, seizing his mantle.

Con. Marmion!

Mar. (*with averted face*) Nay, Constance—

Con. Look upon me, Marmion!

Turn to the wretch that you have made.—They tell me—

But O, how false—abandoned *here*, by *thee*!

It cannot be, Marmion, it cannot be.

Speak to me, but O, God,—do not confirm it.—

My heart will burst!—Marmion, you do not mean it?

Mar. Constance, arise and spare yourself—spare me.

Con. Behold your crest, badge of my willing service.
Have I not followed you with love and duty,
The pride of birth, the modesty of sex,
Clouding content in Marmion's livery?
If what of female grace once here, be lost,
Guilt and disguise for thee, Marmion, for thee
Have blasted it.—Scorn not the withered flower
Yourself have rifled. From this faded cheek
Marmion has chased the blood of innocence,
Lighted in these wild eyes despair and frenzy,
And on my hardened brow stamped infamy!—

Mar. No more—peace, frantic girl—of what avail——?

Con. Marmion, I've loved thee dearer than my soul—

I bartered it for thee, and gave, besides,
All earthly I possessed.—Did I repent?
O no! while Marmion loved, fame, friends forgot,
'Twas him alone I saw—on Marmion's breast,
Thought of no other heaven!

Mar. Hear me, Constance.

The power that we have scorned, at length is roused;
The church demands its daughter, and religion
Bids us, though great the sacrifice, submit.
Light penances, but chiefly solitude,
On you will shed tranquillity—for me——

Marmion's eyes meet the penetrating and indignant look of Constance; he pauses disconcerted.

Con. And what for you;—Religion bids!—Cool hypocrite!

Your expiations what? The bridal pomp,
The charm of beauty, and the smile of love?
Man, man, despair! That time shall never come—
The lip is cold whose pressure you expect,
The eye is closed whose lustre you would meet.
Mourn o'er the ruin of your high raised-hopes,
Your sanctioned, honourable, rich alliance:
Clara de Clare is dead——

Mar. Unhappy Constance!
Go, raise those hands in thankfulness to *Him*,
Whose mercy yet has kept them clear from blood.
The wretch you trusted with your plan of death,
Has, for a bribe, betrayed it.

Con. Ha! betrayed!—

Mar. O, from my soul I pity you. [*going* R. H.]

Con. One moment!

Yet there is one way left—but O! *that* way!— [*aside*.
Bethink you, Marmion, by my wrongs I charge you,
Release me, take me from this dreadful place;
By our past loves, by all your solemn vows——
Smile you, inhuman man?—But scorn me not;
Though dead to tenderness, let danger rouse thee.
Think you I rave? Lo! here, before high heaven,
I make a vow irrevocable——

Mar. Hold!

Threats I can never fear; but yet forbear,
Nor cast your nature all at once aside;
And if you bend, be it in supplication,
And if you vow, O, be it to renew
That sacred oath, which, to our dear souls' peril,
I caused you to infringe.—Ho! father Abbot!—

Con. Have you no mercy!—then expect none,
Marmion.

You drag down your own fate.

Mar. Why, let it fall then.

Con. Death!

Mar. I can meet it.

Con.

On the scaffold?

Mar.

Ay. (*Music.*)

The Abbot and Prioress enter, U. E. L. H. and by direction of Marmion, attempt to remove Constance; she clings to him.

Con. Cruel, but ever dear, have mercy, mercy!

Marmion disengages himself and delivers her to them.

Mar. With all the gentleness your rules allow,
I do adjure thee Abbot, on thy life,
Lead back this tender penitent to peace.

Con. Peace I disclaim, repentance I despise,
Fell monster, heartless fiend, look to thyself!
My body's ruin, and my soul's destruction,
Weigh on thy soul in the dark hour of death! (*Music.*)

They lead her off. U. E. L. H. Marmion gazing after her.

Mar. Her curse was heavy; but more welcome
 curses,
Than to the sated lover dull endearments,
Which doting fondness, working 'gainst herself,
Still dashes with her tears to make more nauseous.
Freed from the weight that kept it down to earth,
Ambition now may soar, and, like the eagle,
Bask in the bright sun's beam. For this poor lost one,
Not I, by heaven, but Nature is to blame:
She in the young heart throws those seeds of passion,
That shoot to rankness ere slow Reason come
To weed the soil. And love, unlicensed love,
Is her free product; nor can mortal know
What loathsome fruit its lovely blossoms yield,
Till taste convince the sense. Then sleep, remorse!
And now, my promised bride, my beautiful Clara,
With my king's sanction, and mine own resolve,
Nor cell, nor veil, shall tear me from thy arms.

Enter BLUNT. R. H.

Now, Blunt?

Blunt. Please you, my lord, the morning wears.

Enter FITZ-EUSTACE. R. H.

Eus. My lord, your fav'rite boy, Constant, is missing.

Mar. He goes not with us.

Eus. Sir!

Mar. His youth is tender;

His health is weak, the northern air is keen.

Eus. Poor Constant, we shall miss him much, my lord,

Mar. Prepare my train, Fitz-Eustace, and set forward. (*Music.*) [*Exeunt. R. H.*]

Enter ABBOT and PRIORESS U. E. L. H.

Ab. At length they pass the gate; now is her fate
Most certain.

Pri. Ay, what is it?

Ab. Can you ask?

Pri. I know the statute, brother, though I feared
Her expiation might not reach her crime;
For well I marked lord Marmion's earnest charge,
And heard your promise, Abbot.

Ab. Heaven seems to summon here its ministers,
And asks a speedy doom. Less than a miracle
Could never bring at once to Holy Isle
Yourself and the good abbess of St. Hilda.

Pri. When comes the abbess?

Ab. This blest night as wont,
She holds with us the vigil of our saint.
Even now the rising wave that shuts out Marmion
May bear her galley hither.

(*Distant Music.*)

Pri. Hark! a strain
Comes floating on the billow! (*Music.*)

Ab. 'Tis the Abbess.
Her maidens chant St. Hilda's song—and see—
A galley nears the Isle.—Go we to greet her
In solemn troop, with banner, cross, and relique.

[*Exeunt. R. H. U. E.*]

SCENE II.

A profile of the Abbey, with an ample view of the sea. A flight of steps leads to a terrace, which is crowded with Monks and Nuns. Music.

Chorus of Nuns, without.

Thy voice can bid the storm subside,
Can hush the wind, and lull the tide.

While the chorus is responded by those of St. Cuthbert's, the galley appears. On the deck sits the ABBESS OF ST. HILDA, attended by Nuns. The vivacity of the Sisters contrasted by the despondency of CLARA, who, in the dress of a Novice, reclines on the vessel's side.

Chant by Nuns of St. Hilda.

When storms impel our mortal barque,
And near the rock, and high the wave,
And hope is lost, and all is dark,
'Tis thou the sinking soul canst save.
Thou bidst our sinful terrors cease,
And guidest to a port of peace.

Music. The troop descend from the terrace, and meet the Nuns of St. Hilda. The Monks and Nuns of St. Cuthbert range on the R. H. those of St. Hilda on L. H.

Ab. Sister, 'tis plain St. Benedict himself
Assembles here a chapter of his order
For a most solemn purpose.

Abb.

How, good Abbot !

Ab. A nun, a violator of his law,
Awaits her doom.

Abb.

Alas !

Ab. What, sister ! grieve you
That guilt should meet its punishment ?

Abb.

I grieve

There should be guilt to punish.

Pri. How could mercy
Act without object, sister?—Life is sin.

Abb. Shall sinful nature then, judge sinful nature?

Ab. Sisters, no more; the church is bound to both—
Sway may, perhaps, abate its energy,
But to extend its scope; softness attracts:
Thus votaries throng our gentle sister's cells.
E'en now, methinks, I see among her train
A pensive novice.

Abb. 'Tis the orphan Clare,
Of noble birth, and mind that well befits it;—
Heiress of boundless wealth, and equal virtues.

Ab. What argument could win her from the world—
What art allure?

Abb. No art, no argument;
'Twas nature urg'd—her wounded heart that sued.
Pursued by him who slew her early love—
And, worse, destroyed his fame, she sought my convent,
And, her probation over, hides her sorrow
Beneath the veil.

Ab. Heav'n aid her.—Sisters, come. (*Music.*)

*The procession meet in the centre, Abbot leads, and
Exeunt by the terrace.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Scottish Hostel. A large fire-place. Tables and benches set. Around the room are disposed swords and spears, bows, bucklers, &c. From the rafters hang dried fish, fowls, venison, and boars' heads; implements of housewifery scattered about. The host is bowing at door in Flat, as if taking leave of parting guests.

Hos. Neighbours, good-night; fair rest my canty neighbours.

The cock will wake you soon; so tell your wives
To spare their larums.

Enter JANNET from D. 3d E. L. H.

Jan. Such carousing!—father,
D'ye know the night's half spent?

Hos. Well, lassie, well!—
Then I've spent half the night like a true host.—
See all be safe, and then to bed.

Jan. (at a window in flat) O, father!
A gallant troop appears upon the height!
I see them by the moon! how their arms glitter!

Hos. They'll spy my sign—they'll be my customers.
Old Clifford castle gives no entertainment;
The laird's in camp, the lady bars her doors,
They needs must stop with me.

Jan. O, father! now,
Two horsemen leave the troop, and gallop hither.

Hos. I knew it, girl—they've seen my bush. Come,
come,
Look to your housewifery, bestir, bestir.

[Knocking. *Blunt speaks without.*

Blunt. Hallo! who keeps the house—who keeps
the bush?

Uncover here, hallo!

Hos. (opening the door in flat) Who beats the
bush?

Come in.

Enter BLUNT and FITZ-EUSTACE. D. F.

Blunt. Come in ! to be well fleec'd, I warrant,
Good Mr. Bramble-bush.—Thistle, thy sign
Is a bad sign, for good wine needs no bush.

Hos. Your English stomach still dislikes Scotch
fare.

The boy grew sick when he looked on the birch.

Blunt. You sting, good weed. Do thistles bear
such flowers ? *[Goes up to Jannet.]*

Eus. Host, we are in the suite of the lord Marmion,
Envoy from England to the Scottish court ;
Our haste has pushed us on as far as Clifford,
Whose widowed towers deny expected access.
Can you receive us ?

Hos. Ay, were he the king :

His honour shall be royally received.

What, Jannet, girl—how now !—wake little Sandy,
And Donald lad,—wring them up by the lugs.

Heap on more faggots—set the flaggons out—
Look to your butt'ry and your beds—come, hustle.

(Jannet Exit 2d E. R. H. Bugle sounds without.)

Exeunt Blunt and Fitz-Eustace D. F.)

Hos. My bonnet, good St. Andrew, for this hap !

(Music.) *[Follows them.]*

*(Jannet returns with the boys half asleep ; they set
out the flaggons, &c.)*

*Enter MARMION, D. F. conducted by the Host, and at-
tended by BLUNT, FITZ-EUSTACE, TWO OFFICERS,
EIGHT SOLDIERS, a PAGE, and the PALMER. He is
shown to the great chair, which is placed by the
Host on the L. H. of the table. His followers take
places at the tables, but remain standing. The
Palmer remains in the back ground, with his eyes
constantly fixed upon Marmion.*

Mar. Nay, sit ; it is the license of the place—

Carouse and revel as ye march and fight,
 Lustily, cheerfully, it is your meed. (*Music.*)
 Give me a cup—charge, all, and pledge me round.
 [*Music.*]

*Marmion rises to drink; his eye encounters the
 Palmer's, whose influence arrests his attention
 for a moment, and he slowly resumes his seat.
 He at length rouses himself.*

Mar. Edward!

Eus. My lord!

Mar. Pry'thee have you no lay
 To speed the lagging hour with?

Eus. Good, my lord.
 Tho' poor my skill, I'll sing the strain you love,
 The fav'rite lay of our poor absent Constant.

SONG. *Words by Walter Scott.*

Where shall the lover rest, whom the fates sever,
 From his true maiden's breast parted for ever?
 Where, thro' groves deep and high, sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die, under the willow.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day, cool streams are laving;
 There, to the tempest's sway, scarce are boughs waving;
 There, thy rest shalt thou take, parted for ever,
 Never again to wake, never, O never.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest, he the deceiver,
 Who could win maiden's breast, ruin, and leave her?
 In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap o'er the false-hearted;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap, ere life be parted.
 Shame and dishonour set by his grave ever;
 Blessing shall hallow it, never, O never.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never.

During the song, Marmion is violently affected; he casts his mantle before his eyes, and reclines his head upon his hand. After the song—as if in scorn of his weakness, he throws his mantle from his face, and assumes an easy air.

Mar. Edward, you do your powers disparagement,
For yours are wizard strains. Each note you breathed
Fell on my ear like beat of convent bell,
Tolling a soul's departure. Was't an omen?
What might it mean?—

Pal. (solemnly) The death of a dear friend.—[*Music.*

All start and turn their eyes upon the Palmer, who remains motionless. Marmion is agitated to agony; he rises, as if to give an order, but again casts himself upon his seat, covering his eyes.—A pause.

Blunt. Now, this it is to visit foreign parts;
Our homely colleges teach no such art;
From travel, each comes home a conjurer.

Hos. Good youth, you need not travel far to learn,
There be such things that now you seem to scorn.
Not far from hence, a man may know his fate.

Blunt. From whom?

Hos. A being, that the earth owns not.

Mar. Of what d'ye speak?

Blunt. Of goblins, dear, my lord!
Gentry, who cannot pass, it seems, the Tweed—
'Tis holy water to them.

Hos. You may scoff.
But if averment of tradition, tales;
And legends, all agreeing, stand for aught;
Near to our village here, there is a spot—
'Tis called the Pictish Camp—where every night,
From Curfew, till the cock doth scare him thence,
A demon rides his round. Such ventrous Knight,
Who seeks the rampart, and there winds his bugle,
The fiend will answer with *his* blast—then forth
In form of his worst enemy he comes;

His lance in rest—ready for the career.
 (And wo to him whose heart feels craven fear,)
 But should he conquer, and if bold, he will,
 Ask what he may the fiend must satisfy him.

Mar. 'Tis late; get ye to rest: good night to all.
 [*music.*]

*Soldiers go up stairs 3d E. R. H. conducted by boys.
 Blunt and Jannet exchange significant signs.
 Marmion orders Fitz-Eustace to remain. Ex-
 eunt all but Marmion and Fitz-Eustace. As the
 Palmer goes up stairs he menaces Marmion apart.*

Mar. Eustace, you heard the tale our host recounted
 Of the warlike fiend who haunts the neighbourhood—
 Who answers to the bugle, and appears
 In form of the worst foe of him who calls?

Eus. Yes, my good lord.

Mar. Methought he said, if vanquished,
 The fiend must answer all his conqueror asks?—
 Was it not so?

Eus. It was, my lord.

Mar. (*aside*) If Wallace—
 The cool, sage Wallace has had faith!—(*to Fitz-
 Eustace*) I'll ride.

Saddle my steed.—

Eus. (*surprised*) My lord, shall I attend you?

Mar. No: bring my horse;—but, silently, Fitz-
 Eustace—

I would not that the vulgar should presume
 To claim me for their fellow in belief.

Go, Edward, go. [*Exit Fitz-Eustace D. F.*]

My injured Constance!—for O! I fear
 That dauntless spirit that dared all for me,
 Has armed thy desperate hand,—or, worse—may not
 Those savage monks!—If I thought that, by heav'n
 Not the king's mandate, nor the empire's safety,
 Should keep me from thee! but I rave—they dare not—
 They dare not, for their island, scorn my charge,
 Even to the harming of one golden hair.—

Yet, could mere chance, with solemn augury,
 Confirm my bosom's dark forebodings?—never!
 I'll seek this fiend—one way I'm satisfied—
 Meeting the oracle, I learn the worst;
 Failing, my faith and terrors die together.

[*Exit Marmion.* D. F.]

Enter BLUNT, down the stairs, 3d E. R. H. stealing cautiously in; he goes to the door of Jannet's apartment, L. H. and taps.

Blunt. Hist! Jannet, bonny Jannet—

Jan. [*entering cautiously*] Hush! I heard
 But now, a voice, e'en here.

Blunt. It was my voice.

Jan. Nay it was loud and hoarse.

Blunt. My groans, my dear,
 For thy long absence.

Jan. Mocker, get you gone.

Blunt. But thou art come—thus let me thank thee,
 Jannet. [*kissing her.*]

Jan. Thus I've my thanks, and thus I go again.

Blunt. Again to come as now you came to go?

Jan. No.

Blunt. Then, my girl, egad we part not so.—
 Or go, but take me with thee, Jannet.

Jan. No.

Blunt. You promised—

Jan. What?

Blunt. To meet me.

Jan. I have done it.

Farewell, ere I repent.

Blunt. Nay, fly not—fear not.

Jan. I'll fly before I fear.

Blunt. But hear me, hear me.

I promise—

Jan. What?

Blunt. To love thee—love thee dearly.

This room is monstrous cold—thy chamber, Jannet—
 Pry'thee be kind.

Jan. I will be, to myself.

Blunt. And not to me?

Jan. Why, if I were, how long
Would you be so to me?

Blunt. For ever, 'faith!
Come, come, by heav'n, you are not in your sphere—

Jan. I aim at none above.

Blunt. The more you merit
The rank that I would give you.

Jan. When?

Blunt. When, Jannet!
O, when I come of age.

Jan. Meanwhile—?

Blunt. We'll—love.

Jan. Hadn't we better wait till you're of age?

Blunt. You don't believe me.

Jan. No; indeed I don't.

Blunt. I swear by all that's true! do you not wish
To change this obscure inn—this rustic garb,
For a distinguished place—gorgeous attire?

Jan. A crowded kirk—a stool—and a white sheet!

Blunt. By Jove, you little snow-ball, heating me,
You grow more icy.—Pr'ythee, meet a little.

Jan. Hark! hark!—a noise [*runs to her chamber*]

Good-night, young gentleman,
And don't forget me, when you come of age.

[*Exit Jannet* D. 3d E. L. H.]

Blunt. Egad! she's locked the door.

Strange girl—strange sex,

Well, good-night, cupid;

I'll to my straw, and dream of feather beds.

[*Exit Blunt up the stairs.*]

SCENE II—*a wild heath.*

Music. Enter MARMION. R. H.

Mar. This is the place; some strange mysterious
feeling

Has drawn me, e'en against my reason, hither.
 How wild the spot—how silent all around!
 No marvel then, that village superstition
 Gives to its fiends a haunt where mortal foot
 Would scarcely dare to tread.—I'll haste to quit it,
 Lest its contagious gloom reach my free thought.
 But hold! I have not yet performed the rite
 Which elfin chivalry demands.—Three blasts—
*[Marmion sounds his bugle—a pause—Marmion is
 going—distant bugle sounds.]*

It cannot be—'twas but the distant echo
 Of my own bugle—horror! what form is this? (*Music.*)
[An armed knight appears. U. E. R. H.]

Why ay, 'twas even such a form *he* wore
 Who fell in Cotswold field, my direst foe.—
 Sure 'tis imposture all. This to discover. (*Music.*)

*Combat. Marmion's lance is shivered against the shield of
 the knight. Marmion becomes desperate; the fight is re-
 newed with swords; Marmion is overthrown; the knight
 places his foot upon Marmion's neck; raises his vizor,
 and is about to strike, but checks himself; Marmion
 swoons with horror; the knight retires; R. H. U. E. Mar-
 mion slowly recovers.*

Mar. 'Twas not a dream—by heaven, it was De
 Wilton!—

His foot was on my neck—his falchion gleam'd!
 On his fell visage hellish vengeance laugh'd.
 Why struck he not? have fiends their bounds in mis-
 chief?—

Fled he my prayers, or the sweet breath of day
 Which the damned may not taste?

Enter FITZ-EUSTACE, R. H.

who's there? Fitz-Eustace?

Did you see nothing pass?

Eus.

Nothing, my lord.

Mar. What brought you hither?—well—no matter
 --go—

The day has broke—call all my followers up—

We must set forward. [*Exit Fitz-Eustace, R. H.*]

Yes : had he been man,

That man, he had not sheathed a bloodless blade,
And Marmion down—by heav'n had he been mortal,
Marmion had never fall'n. Well : be he devil !—

Let dead and living league ! let deep perdition

Shoot from the bottom all its prodigies,

I'll hold my course in nature, undismayed !

[*Exit Marmion, L. H.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The vault of Penitence. The walls scooped into heavy arches; the roof low, and rudely arched; an iron cresset and light suspended by a chain; on one side a narrow staircase; in the opposite corner a deep niche, a pitcher, &c. within; on each side of the niche stands a Benedictine holding a torch, two others with their arms bared; building materials prepared. The Abbot, Prioress, and Abbess, in judicial robes, seated on a dark stone bench; before them, on an iron table, the statute book of the order, open. Music. Constance appears on the stairs, U. E. L. H. attended by two monks. Her air is that of settled despair.

Con. Guides to the grave—is't here your office ends? (*Music.*) [*she comes forward.*]

Why, ay, 'tis fit: 'tis a congenial scene.—
Ye dark and kindred horrors, my soul hails you,
For it is of your hue.—Ye fatal three,
Dread destinies impart—what form of death—? (*Music.*)

Her eyes falling on the niche, she starts in horror—she remains motionless, endeavouring to collect herself.

Ab. Constance de Beverly, sister professed
Of the house of Fontevraud—nun of the order
Of Sainted Benedict, appear.—Who answers
To our citation?

Con. Constance de Beverly.

The Prioress motions to a monk, who takes her page's cap from her head; her hair falls in ringlets; she remains motionless.

Ab. We call upon you to confess your guilt,
And bend unto the sentence of the church.

[*A pause—the Abbot resumes*]

For violated vows, and convent fled,

What plead you, to avert the punishment? (*Music.*)

[*A pause, as before*]

Sister, the doom of crime is written here--

'Tis for the church's servant to pronounce it. (*Music.*)

He rises to give sentence; the Abbess prevents him, as she marks the efforts of Constance to speak. Constance at length succeeds, her voice tremulous at first, but increasing in firmness as she proceeds.

Con. I urge no plea—I sue not for your mercy—
Hope comes not here! not e'en your holy pray'rs
 I ask, nor need. If heav'n's ear be closed
 When, from yon living tomb, the cry is sent
 Of ling'ring famine, heav'n will not hear
 Your feeble intercession.—True it is,
 I did desert my duty and my God,
 To follow—O, if still he owned that name—
My lover—mine!—exulting I would cry—
 Rent be the veil, and broken be the vow,
 Forgotten earth and heav'n, Marmion is mine!—

[*Burst of Music—ending mournfully*]

Three years I followed my new deity,
 Serv'd *him* with truth, lov'd *him* to adoration—
 Lo! my reward—abandonment—to you,
 Fiends in the human form.—Yet this were nothing—
 I could meet death—but O, the cause! *she* lives!
 You think 'twas Marmion's penitence betrayed me—
 Short-sighted hypocrites!—he ne'er repents.
 No, 'twas my loathed complaints—'twas a new love.
 And fear for her he lov'd—Clara de Clare—
 She, who, ere this, a saint in bliss had been,
 But that the sordid wretch whom I employed
 Sold Marmion the secret.

Ab.

Horrible!—

Con. Whence could such horrors spring, but from
 your cloisters?

Partaker in life's social charities,
 With objects to divide and share affection,

I had been calmly blest—but from your cells,
My spirit struggling to be free, burst forth
In wild excess.—Perhaps he never loved,
But if he feigned, 'twas your contrasted gloom
Gave truth's dear semblance to the mask he wore.
But say he loved—could he espouse a nun?—
Crime and concealment were inevitable;
Hence rose in him disgust, in me, despair—
He sought the love of Clara; I, her life.

Ab. Enough! receive the sentence of the church.

Con. Hold! for my thirst for blood is fierce as yours.
Clara is safe! but lo! here is a packet
Will make the richest flow.—It was my hope
I should have lived till tidings of his death
Had broke my heart.—Go, fatal messenger,
Greet him from dying Constance; tell him that she,
Rather than Clara's breast should pillow it,
Places his head upon the fatal block! (*Music.*)

She stands gazing on the packet; the Abbess waves to a monk, who takes it from her; she remains unconscious; music, at first slow and mournful, rises wild and broken, corresponding with her manner. Her eyes settled on vacancy, and at the moment the Abbot rises to pronounce sentence, she burst into frenzy.

Who is it mounts the scaffold?—Marmion?—

Who sent him thither?—hush! give me the packet!—
[*seeming to conceal a packet.*]

So, so, it never shall betray you, love.

Strike off his fetters, he is innocent!

Did you not hear the shouts when Wilton fell?

If Marmion had been guilty *he* had fallen.

Papers? what papers? no, he did never forge them.—

Why should he? for the love of Clara, say you?

— Marmion, let go her hand ! ho, executioner !

Ha, ha, she's gone.—See, see, the axe is up!

Save him! (*rushes forward*) I have it, love---'tis thro'
my heart. (*Music.*)

[Constance falls, the judges rise from their seats.]

Ab. Constance de Beverly, God pardon thee.

Abb. Amen !

Pri. Amen !

Ab. Sister, depart in peace.

Music. Constance starts at the last words ; recovering her recollection as the judges are retiring. All the horror of her situation rushes upon her mind ; in wild supplication, she flies towards the Abbess, whose gestures bespeak her sympathy. Constance turns, and shuddering casts her look upon the niche ; half raises her eyes to heaven, but drops them in despair,—stands motionless, her hands convulsively clasped. The monks slowly approach Constance, who starts and shudders, but strives to collect confidence. A REQUIEM chanted above.

Con. What solemn strain is that ?

Monk.

The requiem

For a departing soul.

A bell tolls above. Constance appears as if she would ask its meaning, but her lips move without sound, the monk replies to her inquiring look---

Monk.

Your passing bell.

Overcome with terror, she faints in their arms ; they are busy in conveying her towards the niche ; bell tolls : swell of the REQUIEM.

Curtain falls.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Distant view of the Scottish camp. Lines of tents extended in a picturesque manner over hill and dale, flags of various shape and hue, flying. In the midst, the royal pavilion with the rich lion-banner; groupes of figures, as hereafter described by Lindesay; remains of watch-fires, artillery and baggage cars.—The camp lies between a streamlet in front, and the spacious frith of Forth, which, with its bays, is descried in the distance; on its nearest shore to the left, stands the city and castle, their spires and turrets gilt by the sun; behind the city arise lofty hills. The view is closed by mountains, beyond the Forth. TRUMPETS sound without. SCOTTISH MARCH. Enter R. H. U. E. two trumpeters, in blue vests and scarlet mantles; attached to their trumps are small banners, with lion bearings. Next four heralds and pursuivants in tabards richly composed of red, gold, silver, and blue, with lion bearings. LINDESAY, LION KING AT ARMS, on a white horse, with housings of silk, embroidered with the thistle, fleur-de-lis, and unicorn. Lindesay's coat is of the most splendid colours, blazoned with a lion, gules; cap with plume, &c.—followed by a gorgeous train, all unarmed; livery white and gold. Lindesay waves with his truncheon to Marchmont, a pursuivant, who goes out L. H. U. E. when the music ceases, Marchmont re-enters.

Lin. Now, pursuivant?

March.

'Tis the ambassador.

Lin. Sound trumpets to the English Marmion.

Trumpet sounds, is answered by one without; ENGLISH MARCH. Enter Marmion L. H. U. E. mounted on a red-roan charger, with housings of blue and gold; Marmion's shield hangs at the saddle-bow, and bears a black falcon in a blue field, with a legend in gold; the esquires at his horse's head, four men at arms, with halbert, bill, and axe, one carrying his forked pennon; yeomen in

blue and black, falcon on the breast, bow and quiver slung, carrying spears. The PALMER enters last. Marmion hails opposite Lindesay, and waves to FITZ-EUSTACE, who steps forward.

Eus. Lord Marmion, envoy from the English court,
Entreats his name, office, and quality,
Who gives the fair salute in this encounter.

March. The representative of James of Scotland---
Sir David Lindesay, lion king at arms.

Mar. Howe'er the purpose of my mission speed,
I yet must thank my travel, which has given me
To greet Sir David Lindesay of the mount,
The flower of knightly courtesy.

Lin. My lord,
The royal James, who knows your great desert,
Commissions me to bring you to his palace.

Mar. His grace is bounteous.—Shall we pass your
camp?

Lin. We shall, my lord.

Mar. [*turning towards the camp*] A noble pre-
paration!
In England it would hardly be believed
Scotland could muster thus.

Lin. Then come, my lord,
And as we pass you'll wonder more to see
The various warriors loyal Scotland yields.

Mar. Now, by our warlike saint,
I plaud your monarch, for were mine yon host,
I'd have my tilt, tho' heaven and hell were armed
To stay me in career.

*The Palmer, who had betrayed some interest in the scene,
now resumes his mysterious air; comes forward, L. H.
makes his obeisance, and goes L. H.*

Lin. What man is this?

Mar. Our guide, my lord, through Scotland.

Lin. Bid him come back. [*a herald stays him.*]
[*To Marmion*] I pray you pardon me.

No one may quit your train. [*aside*] We've spies
enough

In lady Heron. [*to Marmion*] Shall we move my lord?
[*Music.*]

*Lindesay waves his truncheon; trumpets, music. The
trains wheel in upon the centre, and march to the rear;
the Palmer follows with a proud step.*

SCENE II.

An antichamber in Holy-rood palace.

Enter BLUNT, conducted by a servant L. H.

Blunt. D'ye mark, a stranger begs one moment's
audience?

[*Servant bows, with significant look, and exit R. H.*]

That fellow's a true pimp, I'll swear to it.

Well, this goes bravely—Solyman the Turk,

Would have to vail his turban to my lord.

The page—and lady Clare—and lady Heron!—

For it *must* be of love this letter treats—

His strict injunctions prove it first—and next,

The choice of his ambassador.—She comes.

Enter LADY HERON, R. H.

Lady H. [entering] A stranger did you say?

[*aside*] 'Tis Marmion's livery.

Blunt. My lord commends his duty to you, madam;
And, by your honoured servant, offers this
To your fair hand, [*hands letter, then aside*] O, the
delicious hand!

Lady H. Who is your lord, Sir?

Blunt. The lord Marmion, madam.

Lady H. Comes he not here himself?

Blunt. Madam, he does.

By this he's near the palace.

Lady H. Gentle youth,

Your service claims reward: I know the guerdon

Young pages wish from ladies: take it, Sir,
And hasten back. [*offering her hand.*]

Blunt. [*kissing it*] Lady, I'm your vowed slave.
O, the delicious hand! [*aside, exit L. II.*]

Lady H. A handsome stripling!

Now to the letter—yet why should he write!

[*reads*] “What can be a severer fate than his, most dear lady, who is constrained to decline an honour which kings have been proud to solicit! But, if I desire you not to recognize me on my presentation to James, your wisdom will not fail to divine my motive; and thus, some of the private moments we shall seize for converse, which else must have been wasted in discussing reasons for state policy, I can more usefully employ in renewing those vows to your beauty, which your condescension once deigned to receive. At present, this must suffice. King Henry values your past services;—doubts not your continued loyalty, and has sworn your reward shall be equal to both;—and Marmion, who remains entirely yours, still confides in your bounty, and trusts that his constancy will not be without its recompense.” [*lady Heron laughs.*]

O, rare diplomatist!—your constancy!—

My wise lord envoy, when you penned that word,
You sure forgot to whom you wrote.—Well, well—
You may be useful to me, politic Sir,
Therefore *shall* have my smiles—smiles, current coin,
To pay vain man with.—Marmion's good report
May speed this same reward king Henry speaks of,
And which I soon may need. My visit here
Must close.—'Tis true, my suit I urge no longer,
(That fair pretence that gave me entrance here,)
And the enamour'd king seems to forget it
Still to prolong my stay—Some nobles too,
My *smiles* have won—but there are still too many
Whose power I know, whose rooted hate I fear.
No matter—I must make one effort more—
James is a hero—but he's still a lover;—
He goes to battle—but he takes me with him,

And, if voluptuousness retain its power,
My Scottish Anthony may find an Actium.

* *Enter DOUGLAS, looking back.* L. H.

"*Doug.* 'Twas one of Marmion's train—how, lady
Heron! [*aside*]

"Pardon me, madam, if I interrupt you—

"*Lady H.* How, interrupt me! [*confused; concealing the letter.*]

"*Doug.* You were reading, madam.

"*Lady H.* He saw the letter then! [*aside.*]

"*Doug.* I met a page,—

"A stranger to the court,—quitting the palace—

"Perhaps the bearer of your letter?

"*Lady H.* Ha! [*aside.*]

"Well, Sir?

"*Doug.* I hope your husband's well.

"*Lady H.* My husband?

"*Doug.* Your husband, lady, who—so you informed
us—

"Sent you to beg his liberty of James—

"Your husband—pining in a Scottish prison,

"I thought might write unto his loving wife,

"To bid her not forget her errand here,

"For, in good truth, 'tis somewhat long ago,

"Since I have heard it mentioned.

"*Lady H.* Sir, this raillery

"But ill becomes your age—and it offends me.--

"I have but one word more—if e'er repeated

"The king shall know it. [*exit R. H.*]

"*Doug.* Go, unworthy woman.

"The king shall know it!

"She's of the sex I reverence, and I blush

"To give e'en her the title that befits her.

"Were I now to tell

"All I have marked to James:--the English page

"Just leaving her—the letter—her confusion—

* This part of the scene is sometimes omitted in representation.

“All this, which, added to what goes before,
 “Were proof of guilt to weigh an angel down,
 “One sigh of hers would blow to empty air—
 “Nay, and most like send me to banishment.

“So potent is the devil lechery.—

“I’ll do it ne’ertheless—by heav’n, I will—

“I’ll tell him, tho’ he hang me for it.” [exit L. H.]

Enter USHER, conducting ABBESS and CLARA. R. H.

Abb. You do mistake us, friend—we are not masquers.

Ush. Not masquers!

Abb. No: but hapless English nuns,
 In evil hour made prisoners at sea;
 And hearing that the king goes hence to-morrow,
 We come to ask his leave to seek our convent.

Ush. His war is not with women—enter boldly.

Abb. O heaven forbid that we should enter there;
 It were a scandal to our sacred calling.

Ush. The times impose this violence.—Follow me—
 I’ll bring you to the king.

[Exeunt Abbess and Clara, following the Usher L. H.]

SCENE III.

The court, splendidly adorned and illuminated; lords and ladies, groupes of masques, monks, nuns, pilgrims, buffoon, ABBESS, CLARA, USHER, &c. discovered. Lively music, then a flourish.

Enter KING JAMES, attended by DOUGLAS, LADY HERON, lords and ladies, 2nd E. R. H.

The king is dressed in a crimson robe ermined, vest of changeful satin, brilliant collar and badge of Scotland, crimson bonnet with plume; white buskins. As James appears, the ABBESS and CLARA are making their retiring courtesies.

James. My care shall straight provide fit guard and conduct:

Till then my palace be your sanctuary. (Music.)

[*The king goes up and sits on the throne.*]

The ABBESS and CLARA express profound gratitude, and Exeunt 2d E. R. H.—a second flourish. Enter LINDESAY, conducting MARMION (who is in a court dress,) attended by FITZ-EUSTACE and BLUNT. A MINUET is performed before the king, after which a second flourish, &c. JAMES advances, bonnet in hand, and salutes Marmion cordially.

James. My noble lord, my court receives new lustre,
Thus lighted by the star of chivalry.

Mar. Your highness' courtesy kins with your nature,
Your birth and state—most royal still in all.

Music. JAMES presents MARMION to LADY HERON;
they go up the stage.

Enter the PALMER L. H. in dress of a monk; with a lofty deportment, he crosses and mingles with the masques. James, Marmion, lady Heron, &c. come down the stage.

James. Nay then, I must enlist your countryman.
My lord, pray woo this fair hand to the harp.

Marmion offers his hand, which she instantly accepts; the king is somewhat surprised.

Lady H. With aid like this, your majesty must conquer.

Marmion acknowledges the compliment, and is leading her to the harp, which is brought down by two attendants, who place the seat near it and retire; she stops capriciously.

Lady H. And yet, by harmony itself I vow,
I cannot sing—I must not, dare not sing.

Mar. Dare not, in pity? 'tis a well meant mercy.
But, lady, it is fruitless while you speak;
For on those lips Apollo hangs a lyre,

Waked by each breath to killing melody.

Lady H. How, if I shut my lips?

Mar.

Your eyes are open,

And Phœbus' shafts are piercing as his sounds.

Lady H. O, you're a flatterer. [*taking her seat at the harp.*]

Doug. [*aside*] And you're a-- [*shrugs and turns up.*]

SONG. *Lady Heron. Words by Walter Scott.*

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young lord Lochinvar!"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;

While her mother did fret and her father did fume;
And the bride-groom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whispered "twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprang!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran!
There was racing, and chacing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

*During the song, JAMES hangs enamoured over her chair;
DOUGLAS contemplates the group with disdain. The
PALMER is rather in the back ground, watching MARMION.
Towards the close of the song James discovers some jealousy at the glances which lady Heron occasionally throws
on Marmion. Lady Heron rises when the song is finished,
and is handed up the stage by Marmion. The attendants
take away the Harp and seat.*

James. Lord Marmion, our affairs require despatch;
Ev'n here we'll end them: what says Henry to us?

Mar. This will explain my sovereign's just demand.
[handing a scroll to the king.]

James. How's this? Dismiss my power! send hostages!

My lord ambassador, does Henry think
Our spirit is entombed with Bruce and Wallace!
Let England know, the charter of our freedom
In glorious fields our noble fathers won:
And palsied be the base degenerate hand
That, at an alien bid, would tear the record!
And withered to the core the craven heart,
That shrinks from danger, death—in freedom's cause!

Mar. Your gracious majesty is pleased to start
A little from the matter; our desires

Went not so far.

James.

My lord, the first base step

Is ne'er the last! the foot that fear but moves,
Fear still impels. Do you not ask us here
To throw our armour off, and cower at home,
Patient, till England find a time to treat?

Mar. Till Henry come from France.

James.

Why went he thither

But to wage unjust war?

Mar.

Your highness' pardon,

He went to quell the general enemy,
Of you, and all.

James.

The general enemy!

Spare me, my lord, the stale, distasteful tale,
I know it all. The nation the most selfish,
Presuming, arrogant, of all this globe,
Professes but to fight for others' rights,
While she alone infringes every right.

Mar. I knew before, your majesty was partial
To those you most mistakenly conceive
To be your friends and allies.

James.

Soul of Bruce!

Were they not then our allies, when your king
Sought to enslave us? who of all the world
Came at our need, but they? by heaven, lord Marmion,
England insults us with the trite complaint
That we are partial; for she shows by this,
She thinks our senses are too dull and blunt
To know who wounds us and who gives the balm.
But let that rest; my country's bloody page
I will not quote. Its former friend and foe
Be now forgot; we urge our present griefs.

Mar. All that you can, with justice, ask of England,
Henry will grant. But he requires your pause
Till he return from waging foreign war.

James. Yes: till, like Edward, the flushed conqueror
come,

To bid our blazing cities warm our hurts
To fresher anguish. 'Twas for this, my lord.

When on the border our commissions met,
Each day blushed on some new and poor evasion
Of your commissioners—who strove at last
To cloak their shame in rude display of passion,
As cowards hide their fears with blustering.

Mar. The subject may have been most intricate,
Your claims involved in doubt.

James.

Not so—not so—

Simple as truth they were, clear as the sun.
But what did England during this our parley?
While thus negotiating, what did England?
When, trusting in your faith, resentment slept,
And patience stayed your tardy reparation
Of wrongs so long inflicted? It was then—
Even in days of truce! I burn to speak it—
Murder and pillage, England's constant agents,
Roamed through our land, and harboured in our bays!
Our peaceful border sacked, our vessels plundered,
Our abused liegemen robbed, enslaved and slaughtered.
My lord, my lord, under such injuries,
How shall a free and gallant nation act?
Still lay its sovereignty at England's feet—
Still basely ask a boon from England's bounty—
Still vainly hope redress from England's justice?
No! by our martyred fathers' memories,
The land may sink—but, like a glorious wreck,
'Twill keep its colours flying to the last.

Mar. Is this the answer I must bear to England?

James. We, Sir, are the appellant—and our heralds
Have ta'en to Henry, in his Flemish camp,
Our last demand. Till his return, my lord,
(Tho' faint the hope that he will bring us peace)
Be Scotland's honoured guest. Nearer the Tweed,
If you're content, we will appoint your residence.
Shall it be so?

Mar.

Your majesty commands me.

James. And now I do bethink me——go: bring
hither

Our two fair pris'ners. [*to Usher, who goes out 2d E.*
L. H.]

English nuns, my lord,
Who, as they say, upon their voyage home
To Whitby abbey, from a holy visit,
Were captured by our galley. If it please you,
I will commend them to your noble care.

Mar. I'm honour'd in the trust. [*aside*] To Whit-
by abbey!
Should lady Clare be one!

James.

Behold they're here!

Enter ABBESS and CLARA, with USHER 2d E. L. H.

I promis'd you an honourable escort,
Your countryman, lord Marmion.

Cla.

Marmion!

Abb.

Marmion!

*As they repeat his name, Marmion starts, and fixing upon
them a scrutinizing look, recognizes them.*

Abb. O! royal Sir—

James. [*turning away*] Be happy, I am thanked.

Abb. Beseech your majesty—

[*the king joins Lady Heron.*]

Ush.

The king is busy,

And must not be disturbed.

Cla.

For ever lost!

Mar. Down, triumph, down, and wait thy sorted
moment.

[*Marmion gently approaches them, they shrink
from him.*]

Fair ladies, fear ye your protector!

Abb.

Thou!

Thou our protector!

Mar.

Ay, and here I swear,

To keep the character inviolate.

Cla. O God! with thee!

Mar.

With me, lady, with me.

'Tis past redeem.

[*Clara retires in despair.*]

My presence is oppressive,
Study to bear it, and doubt not my honour.

Marmion retires up the stage haughtily. The PALMER, who had observed the scene, from a distance, advances.

Abb. Now what can save us?

Pal. [to the Abbess solemnly] Sister, fear you not.
Behold in me your guardian.

Abb. Who art thou?

Pal. A Palmer, from the Holy-land. Events
Have placed me in the train of this bad man.
Wonder not that I thus am here disguised;
My motives are most strong.

Abb. If it be so,
This is a blessed meeting.—I have papers,
Giv'n by a dying nun—they furnish proofs
Of Marmion's forgery, and clear from shame
The memory of noble Ralph de Wilton,
Accused by him of treason.—Were I sure
Your character were holy, I'd adjure thee
To take the precious charge—since, while with me—
A feeble woman, and in Marmion's power,
They are not safe.

Pal. O just, unerring heaven!
Let us retire—within I'll prove my truth,
And claim thy confidence.—Come, come, my sister!
[*Exeunt PALMER, ABBESS, and CLARA, L. H.*]

The king advances with Marmion towards Douglas, who is standing on R. H.

James. My lord, your host shall be the Douglas
here.

Go, Angus, to your castle—we can spare you—
Who in the field, as at the council-board,
Might still oppose your prince!

Doug.

Oppose my prince!

Douglas, overcome by emotion, turns aside and weeps ; James with sudden remorse seizes his hand.

James. Douglas, forgive my unhappy mind's distemper ;

As spoke the Bruce of your great ancestor,
 Speak I of you ! Never had king a subject
 In war more valiant, or in peace more wise ;
 More loving or more true.—My worthy Angus,
 'Twas your war-wearied limbs' repose I thought of,
 E'en when my spleen discolour'd my intent.
 Will you not press your monarch's hand ?

Doug. My king——

James. Bless my old soldier !—Now, beshrew my tongue,

That gave that heart a pang !

Doug. No more, my liege,

If you would have it hold ; this kindness breaks it.

Mar. O, let those tears fall on the flame of war :
 The drops of triflers may be shed for trifles,
 But patriot eyes reflect their country's fate,
 And nations tremble when their warriors weep.

James. [*indignant at the advantage attempted to be taken of his feelings.*]

And if I wade through tears, southward I march
 At break of day :—and should my good lord Marmion

With Douglas long abide, we next may greet him
 In his own castle hall at Tamworth town.

Mar. Too high the honour for my humble roof ;
 Too rough the road your majesty must take :
 Our rivers, too, are rapid, broad, and deep,
 Our northern men most rude and obstinate,
 And churlish still in welcoming their foes.
 I fear our fare would prove too harsh and homely,
 And for repose (rest endless, or rest none)
 The churls might offer to your royal limbs
 The rocky couch, or river's slimy bed.
 By heav'n ! no idle vaunt is this I utter !

Full many a noble heart must cease to beat
Ere Scotland's king can cross the Trent.—Brave
prince,

Pause, while you may.

James [turning lightly away] Lords, to the dance;
a hall!—

And minstrels strike, "*Blue bonnets o'er the Border.*"

A Ballet.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

An apartment in Douglas Castle. Enter DOUGLAS, R. H. armour partially seen beneath his gown, followed by the PALMER; his face uncowed.

Doug. Well, well, your thanks have more than paid me; come,

The day is nigh—my steed is ready for you—
I'll see you to his back, and heaven speed you.

[*Bugle winds* L. H.]

Warder, who comes?

War. [without, L. H.] A post to my lord Marmion.
Let down the bridge, there.

Doug. Marmion will be roused—
'Tis his own messenger, whom his impatience
Hourly expected.—But a little longer
You must be clouded.—Still avoid lord Marmion.

PALMER crosses to L. H. *Enter* MARMION, L. H.; *he starts at meeting the Palmer, who has thrown his cowl over his head, and exits* L. H.

Mar. 'Tis strange!

Doug.

What gives you wonder?

Mar.

That earl Douglas

Should rise at night to parley with that man.

Doug. Perhaps age makes me restless; or perhaps
Some untold crime presses upon my soul.

It may be that I need an augurer

To tell me what I am; well Marmion knows

How prone is guilt to fear and superstition.

Mar. How, earl! [*disturbed*]

Doug. [*with contemptuous pity*] My lord, your
courier has arrived. [*Exit Douglas, R. H.*

Mar. Damnation, scorn! [*Enter* FITZ-EUSTACE L. H.]

What says the courier?

Eus. King James, still gathering as he marched
along,
Has, with a mighty power, invaded England.
Old Norham fort has yielded.

Mar. Norham yielded!
The key to all Northumberland!

Eus. He adds
That Wark has fallen since—Etall and Ford,
With other holds of strength.

Mar. But where's our power?
Where lingers Surrey?

Eus. He had just come up
To stop the Scottish progress, when your courier
Set out.

Mar. That's well: and how near lie the armies?

Eus. So near, they fight with threatening looks
already:

Scotland is posted on the ridge of Flodden,
Our camp is on the edge of Barmore Forest.

Mar. Then there will be a field?

Eus. Yes; if earl Surrey
Can draw the Scot down from his vantage ground.

Mar. By heaven I'll join the earl! seek Harry
Blunt—

Prepare the train to march.

Eus. To camp, my lord?

Mar. Ay, boy, to camp—to battle.—Go; alert!

[Exit FITZ-EUSTACE L. H.]

King James' herald has not yet returned,
Meantime the war goes on. By heaven, no longer
Will I in this cold, churlish castle loiter,
While there is healthful exercise abroad.
Douglas has grown discourteous—nay, suspicion
Scowls on his brow—yet, what can he suspect?
No, 'tis the instinct of his honest nature,
That bids him shun the man of blood and treachery.
O, thou proud beauty,
For whom my hand forgot its knightly truth,
My heart its sense of pity and remorse!

Shall I not enjoy thee !
 Yes ; like the wretch, who, for a present good,
 Has given to the fiend his future being ;
 Desperate like him, I'll snatch my hour of triumph,
 Like him assured that certain hell awaits me.

[Exit L. H.]

SCENE II.

*An armoury, lighted by a branch ; armour dispersed
 around.*

Enter CLARA in a rich lay habit.

Cla. What tumult breaks the stillness of the castle !
 I thought that only grief restless as mine,
 Watched at this hour. "It is my sorrow's solace
 "To linger on the jutting battlement,
 "And borrow from the night her dusky weeds
 "To shroud these splendid trappings of my tyrant.
 "There, as the sighing breezes drop their dew,
 "And ocean heaves, and murmurs far below,"
 I fancy that all nature mourns with me
 For slaughtered Wilton. Ah ! what place is this ?
 Armour ! alas ! here is a breast-plate pierced ;
 Fatal remembrancer ! e'en here was struck
 His manly bosom—not his tempered corslet,
 Nor stronger truth, could turn the traitor's lance.
 O ! Wilton, Wilton !

*Wilton appears, U. E. R. H. wrapt loosely in his mantle ; his
 face still shrouded ; he starts on seeing Clara.*

Wil. Powers of bliss, 'tis she !
 My bride, my Clara !

Cla.—[Turns, and, beholding him, shrieks in horror.]
 Save me ! what form is this ?

Wil. Clara——

Cla. Who art thou ?

Wil. O God, she knows me not ! there was a time

When Clara's eye could pierce through all disguise
That hid her poor De Wilton.

*He stops near the light; throws back his cloak, and appears
in complete armour.*

Cla. [sinking] Help, ye heavens!

[Wilton rushes to her; she sinks upon his knee.]

Wil. My life, my Clare, revive and bless your
Wilton.

Cla. Again that name! where am I?

Wil. Here, my love,
Close to your Wilton's heart.

Cla. [drawing back in doubt] Hold! Wilton?
Wilton!

Convinced of his identity, she throws herself into his arms.

Wil. My matchless Clare.

Cla. But, did I not, my Wilton,
Upon that dreadful day,—ah! sure I saw thee—
Ere blest forgetfulness crept o'er my senses,
I saw thee borne all lifeless from the lists.

Wil. Alas! my body's wound was slight—my
fame—

My fame alone that perished.—Foiled by Marmion—
E'en in thy sight, his forgery sealed by heaven!
Before my king and thee confirmed a traitor!
Madness possessed my brain, and long, they say,
I raved of honour and of Clara lost—
Or, for a moment, if my mind returned,
It brought the surer sense of misery.
I prayed to die!

Cla. And was I absent then?
Alas! what hours of anguish hast thou known
Which fond affection might have turned to peace!
But Clara's hand did never smooth thy pillow;
The only balm that heals the breaking heart,
She was forbid to minister.—Alas!

The office of her love was done by strangers,
For to the sick soul all is strange but love.
Yet sure, some favoured one there was—ah ! tell me,
Who had the transport of preserving Wilton ?

Wil. Thou recollectst my faithful servant, Austin—
He bore me through the shouting multitude,
He won me back to life ; with him alone,
Known by no name, without a home on earth,
In wo and want, I sought an exile's grave.

“ *Cla.* An exile's grave ! was Clara then forgot ?

“ *Wil.* Who can forget existence, while each sense
“ Smarts with keen agony ?—But O, my love,
“ What had I more to do with life ? For me,
“ A death-doomed traitor, a self-banished man,
“ What could the noble heiress of de Clare ?

“ *Cla.* Banish herself with her dear husband,—
“ wander

“ Where never foot had trod ; and, if she failed
“ To make him bear his life, die happy with him.

“ *Wil.* O, 'twas the image of this worshipped form
“ Still beckoned me, through danger, and through
“ death,

“ To hostile England ”——Happy destiny
Made me the guide of him, whose rival steps
It would have been my chiefest care to trace.

Cla. Alas ! had he discovered thee—O, still
I fear him much !

Wil. Fear not ; his days are numbered ;
I've had him in my power—my sword was raised,
And it had robb'd the headsman of his stroke,
But memory of a boon that dying Austin
Wrung from me, stopt the blow.—E'en from the grave
Good Austin serv'd his master.—Had I slain him,
The proofs of his device to taint my name
Had never reach'd my hand. This fateful packet
Will make the dark recital. It was yielded,
As to the keeping of a holy man,
By your own abbess, for I now perceive
It was my Clare so closely drew her veil,

That I, for whose unworthy sake 'twas worn,
Never discover'd my fair flatterer.

Cla. But, dear my lord, what means this warlike
dress?

Wil. Douglas, whose credence my frank story
gain'd,
Has, with all solemn rites of chivalry,
Giv'n me fresh knighthood.—To earl Surrey's camp
I go, to win new honours, and new arms,
Ere I demand what Marmion has defac'd.
E'n now I should be gone.

Cla. Alack, more peril!
O! is there not some cot of love and peace—

Wil. Forbear.

Cla. Ah yes! I know thy noble heart:
Beneath the weight of shame—it could not beat
With love or peace.—Then take my pray'rs and go—
Clare sends her knight, her hero, forth to fame.

Wil. 'Tis now I hear the daughter of earl Gilbert.—
Brief must our parting be.

Cla. Hark!—should he come!—

Wil. The traitor's pow'r to terrify is past.

Cla. He comes—conceal your face—farewell, fare-
well. [*Music.*

[*De Wilton throws his cowl over his head.*]

Enter MARMION, R. H. who starts on meeting him.

Mar. This fiend again to cross me! hence, fell
boder!

Wil. In vain the dying wretch bids hence the raven
That croaks his coming fate. Tremble, lord Marmion.

[*Music. Exit Wilton, R. H.*

Mar. My spirit withers in that being's presence;
I'm less than man before him.—Madam, stay;
Remember that my rank claims some respect,
E'en from the haughty heiress of De Clare.

Cla. So turns the captive at the jailer's bid.
Lo, I obey.—What is your order, sir?

Mar. Contemptuous girl!—Madam, 'tis necessary
You instantly prepare you for a journey.

Cla. Whither?

Mar. To the English camp.

Cla. And is it well

To force me from the honourable care
Of lady Angus, to a camp, my lord?

Mar. Madam, your relative, the earl Fitz-Claire,
Is in the camp.—Shall I entreat your haste?—

Cla. I shall be near De Wilton—[*aside*]

Mar. Said you, lady?—

Cla. Sir, I obey.

Mar. You much oblige your servant.

[*Exit Clara, L. H.*]

Those looks of scorn shall change ere long, fair lady.

Enter BLUNT and FITZ-EUSTACE, in disorder, R. H.

Well! what's the marvel?—wherefore are ye mute?

Eus. My lord, I scarce can credit, yet, my eyes—
Yet Blunt was by me.—

Blunt. Ay, and knew the horse:
It was good Cheviot, the earl's best steed,
A little old, but yet——

Mar. Peace, stable-boy;
Eustace, your tale.

Eus. My lord, we both beheld it.
Just as the light appear'd, the bridge was lower'd,
And Douglas, in a shirt of mail, the which
His gown but ill conceal'd, led forth a knight
Arm'd cap-a-pie; his visor being up,
We saw his face: my lord, it was the Palmer.

[*Marmion starts*]

The earl embraced him, when, backing his steed,
He shot across the ditch and disappear'd.

Mar. [*after a pause.*] Did he by figure or by face
remind you
Of one you'd seen before?

Blunt.

My lord, most strongly.

I never saw but one, besides your lordship,
Ride with such grace.

[*Marmion turns from Blunt, impatiently*]

Eus.

Gazing upon his face,

Now clear from those dark locks, methought I saw
The very knight you fought in Cotswold field.

Mar. Liars, no more; begone! [*turns up stage.*]

[*Exeunt Fitz-Eustace and Blunt, L. H.*

And was't de Wilton

That vanquish'd Marmion? No, my dastard folly,
My superstition, 'twas;

Now Douglas knows his tale; Surrey will learn it.

What then? they cannot credit the vain charge?

How, if I fly to Constance?

She has the only proofs. But, does she live?

And if she does,—still Wilton is alive;—

Wilton and Marmion,—can they breathe together?—

Impossible! O! labyrinth of guilt,

How shall I quit thee? Ha! a way appears:

Wilton will join us in the fight:—one blow——

Perdition to the base suggestion!—No,

First perish all.—Boldly I'll seek my rival

After the fight.—What means this chillness? After?——

Well! if I not survive, there is an end.

I sicken here.—To horse! I'll rush to war;

I burn for thickest battle—tumult—havock!

Welcome the clash of arms, the shriek of anguish,

The shout of triumph, and the dying groan,

Drown, if you can, this clamour of my soul!

[*Exit Marmion, L. H. Bugle sounds without.*

SCENE III.

The court-yard. Music. The wall low, behind which are seen the shafts of the drawbridge, and a hill beyond the moat. A gateway with portcullis suspended. Marmion's train enters from L. H., pass through the gateway, up the drawbridge, and go off R. H. Clara on her palfrey, at-

tended by BLUNT and FITZ-EUSTACE, then enter L. H. and pass through and go off R. H. Marmion enters L. H. followed by DOUGLAS and SIX ATTENDANTS, armed with spears. These range themselves up the stage on L. H. Marmion's charger is seen on the bridge.

Mar. Earl Douglas, though the guest your king had sent

Might justly have expected warmer welcome,
Yet shall your name of Douglas and your years
Smooth my resentment.—Ere I leave your castle,
My lord, I tender you the hand of friendship.

Offers his hand. Douglas proudly throws his mantle over his folded arms.

Doug. My gate shall open at my sov'reign's bid,
Though he who enter be not Douglas' peer;
My castle is my king's; but Douglas' hand
Is all his own, and never shall it clasp
The hand of such as Marmion.

Mar.

This to me!—

Did not thy white locks helm it, Marmion's hand
Should cleave the Douglas' head.—High as thou art,
The meanest groom employ'd by England's king
Climbs to thy level. Here within thy hold,
Surrounded by thy vassals, I defy thee!
And if thou sayst I am not peer to Douglas,
Or any lord of Scotland, far or near,
As deep as to the throat, Angus, thou liest.

Doug. And dardest thou beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?—Up, drawbridge, there!
What, Warder, ho! let the portcullis fall. [Music.

Marmion passes hastily through the gateway. The portcullis descends close behind, with a loud noise. Bugle without, and shouts from Marmion's train. Marmion is seen to join them on the eminence beyond the moat.

Mar. Come forth, old lion.—What! Hast thou no fangs
But in thy sarazine? Are all thy teeth
In the gate's mouth? Come forth, thou coward Scot!
I hurl my gauntlet at thy churlish walls,
And dare thee from thy den.—Douglas, come forth!
[*Bugle and shouts renewed. Douglas is led in L. H.*]

SCENE IV.*

Surrey's pavilion in the English camp. Flourish.
Enter earl SURREY, "lord THOMAS HOWARD,"
lords and Soldiers R. H.

"*Sur.* Has yet our pursuivant returned from James?

"*Thom.* Not yet, my lord, and much I fear the king
Will not accept your challenge.

"*Sur.* Know him better.

"E'en if he brook our taunts, my lady Heron

Will send her champion down. Her royal lover

Would face destruction ere he'd meet her scorn.

"Last night she told me this, and laughed most loudly

At his infatuation.

"*Thom.* Was she here?

"*Sur.* I owe her frequent visits; and, in fine,

If victory be ours, 'tis she has won it.

"What trumpet's that?

"*Thom.* My lord, your pursuivant."

Pursuivant enters L. H. in heraldic mantle, with red cross.

Sur. What from king James?

Pur. He does accept your challenge.

Sur. Bold spirit! "But relate the manner, Sir.

"*Pur.* Scarce had I thrown the gage, ere kingly
pride

"O'ercame the leader's prudence, but his answer

"Was froze in its current by the chilling looks

* This scene frequently commences with Earl Surrey, &c. meeting Pursuivant; all the passages in inverted comma's being omitted.

"Of those around him. It was then, my lord,

"I gave your bitter taunts in full extension,

"With all the bold additions of your son,

"My lord high admiral.

"*Thom.*

And what to this?

"*Pur.* His visage glow'd with anger. "Go," said
he,

"Bear Surrey my defiance.—For his son,

"The pirate admiral, the great sea-robber,

"Who boasts through you his murders and his pil-
lage——"

"These were his words, my lord.

"*Thom.*

Go on, go on.

"*Pur.* "Bid him beware my grapple.—I'll pursue
him,

"Till quitting earth, on his own element

"I send his wreck'd soul to the realms below."

"*Sur.* How took his lords these words?

"*Pur.*

In silence first.

"At length low murmurs swell'd to noisy clamour,

"And bold remonstrance spoke on ev'ry tongue.

"Some urged the rashness of the act, to quit

"The vantage of the ground ; others, more frank,

"Would back to Scotland, with their certain booty.

"The land, they said, could not be kept, if won,

"And that were still a hazard.

"*Sur.*

Did this move him?

"*Pur.* Deeply ; but lady Heron was beside him ;

"In under tone she said, with air derisive :

"O, Sir, comply ; 'twill well become your name

"To turn the incursion of a royal army

"To a paltry border foray for a spoil !

"'Tis true, the country can be kept, if won,

"But then, alas ! it must be fought for first,

"And battles sometimes are most dangerous."

"*Sur.* That woman's worth a million.

"*Pur.*

When she ceas'd,

"The king cried out, "To arms!" leapt from his horse,

"And swore, on footing of his meanest soldier,

"He'd try the brunt. His lords all follow'd him,

"Save three or four, who turn'd their horses' heads,

"And with their vassals, left him to his fate.—

"By this, my lord, he has dispos'd his force.

"*Sur.* Why then we must be quick.—My second hope,

"Edmund, lord marshal of the field, you're welcome.

"What says your survey?*

"*Enter EDMUND HOWARD.*"

Ed. From the brow of Branxton,
I have discover'd where, beyond the bridge,
The Till is fordable; there, if we cross,
A rapid movement throws our force between
Our foe and th' river Tweed; thus cutting off
Retreat, or succour: so the Scot must fight,
Or starve on Flodden ridge.

Sur.

And so he must.—

Go; bid the vanguard move.

"*Exeunt Thomas and Edmund Howard, attended,*"

2nd E. R. H.

Enter suddenly DE WILTON, armed, his visor down,

R. H.

Sur.

Who'rt thou?

Wil.

A knight

Who comes to ask this boon of noble Surrey:

Fair leave, in honour's rank, to strike for England.

Sur. Declare your name.

Wil.

Your highness pardon me,

Not till I blazon it with brightest glory

Torn from the Scottish crest: this will I do,

Or fill a nameless grave.

Sur.

Thou art a knight;

There's something in that port and voice of thine

I recognise as noble: have thy wish. [*crosses to* L. H.

[*De Wilton retires up.*

* When the part in inverted commas is omitted, Edmund Howard enters with Earl Surrey, and the speech is spoken by the Pursuivant.

What train is that which halts on yonder hill?—
The leader comes this way.--

Enter MARMION, attended by Officers and Soldiers,
L. H.

How! the lord Marmion?

By my good hope, 'tis he: at such an hour,
Welcome such friends.—Enough: our van has mov'd.
Myself command the centre; on the left
Stanley and Chester fight; my sons, with Tunstall,
Lead on the vaward right; while the lord Dacres
Will, in the rear, reserve his needful horse.

Mar. Has the front mov'd?

Sur. It has. Now do I see
Your gallant wish. Go; your own vassals there,
Brought by De Burg, your steward, will rejoice
To hail their lord.

Mar. But, this—thanks, thanks—Come, follow.

[*Music.*

*Marmion rushes out, followed by Soldiers, Surrey
and his power, R. H. Drum. Trumpet.*

SCENE V.

*Sybil's cross, R. H. U. E. A streamlet winding near.
View of Flodden. On its highest ridge the Scot-
tish camp. A valley, with some lesser hills be-
tween. Clara discovered, leaning against the
cross. Eustace waiting near. Blunt impatiently
watching the field, R. H.*

Blunt. I see him still: he flies—he joins the fore-
most;

It is De Burg gallops to meet him: now
His vassals wave their casques, and shout his welcome.
[*distant shouts R. H. U. E.*—"Marmion! Marmion!"
'Sdeath, 'tis a hopeful office, this of ours.
No chance of gilded spurs to-day, Fitz-Eustace.

[*Drum—Trumpet—Alarm.*]

The charge is struck.

Eus. [*to Clara*] I pray you, lady, fear not.

Blunt. Fitz-Eustace, see, the Scot has fir'd his tent,
And now king James comes from his mountain throne.
How they pour down!—Howard is hasting on;
I see his lion-banner; and our lord,
His falcon pennon flies.—They're at the foot.
Brave souls! by heav'n, they climb to meet the foe:—
Highest our falcon soars:—they close:—St. George!—
[*Music.*]

Shouts—cannon. Clara shrinks in terror. Fitz-Eustace still evincing his attention, yet discovering signs of impatience of his office.

Blunt. The clouds rolls off, I see their lances'
points;—
Their falchions scatter lightning:—now they mingle,
Fierce as contentious ocean.—Such a tempest
Would make wreck welcome!—On the sounding bil-
low
Floats the plum'd crest; above, the banners fly.—
And now they sink; but still amid the storm
Our falcon soars.—The Howard lion stoops,
And Tunstall's banner,—yet our falcon flies!—[*Music.*]

[*shouts without R. H. U. E.—“a Home—a Gordon.”*]

'Tis fiercer still;—they force our standard back;—
But it returns:—no pennon flies but ours!—
Ha! death and hell! 'tis down.—Adieu, Fitz-Eustace.
[*Music.*]

[*rushes out, R. H. S. E.—shouts, &c.*]

Eus. Brave Blunt, he joins the fray;—he hews a
passage.—
The standard rises;—but again it stoops
Amidst the thick'ning foe.—I cannot bear it;—

And yet to leave the lady——See, a steed,
Hous'd all in blood, rushes this way.—I know it,
'Tis Marmion's charger.—Lady, pardon me. [*Music.*

[*rushes out, R. H. S. E.—shouts—"a Huntly—a Home."*]

Cla. Alas! can the day's horror yet increase?
Do my eyes fail me? No; it is the English
Who turn their backs.—*O, Wilton, art thou there!*
They cannot fly; they stop in wild despair;
Thy shield alone can guard him; save my Wilton!
[*Music.*

She sinks near the cross, in a supplicating posture.

Shouts. The tumult thickens; she starts up.
Blunt and Fitz-Eustace bear in Marmion, R. H.
2nd E. smeared with blood and dust; his helmet
beaten to his head, and without its crest; his
shield hacked and dented. A fragment of his
sword grasped in his hand. They place him on a
hillock near the L. H.

Eus. So: gently, Blunt.

Blunt. Would roughness could arouse him!
This was his death-blow.

Eus. Cease!—he moves!—

[*Marmion opens his eyes, and stares around wildly.*]

Mar.

Where am I?

How, dastards!—leave my standard with the foe!
Charge to the rescue!—hold! what need of banner?
No child succeeds—my latest thought be Eng-
land's——

The day may yet be turn'd—fly to earl Surrey—
Tunstall is slain—but one of the brave Howards
Is left to head the charge—thence to lord Dacres;
Tell him to urge his horse with spur of fire.
Blunt, speed you to the left—Stanley and Chester,—
Bid them bring up their force, or all is lost.
Linger ye still!—hence!—I can die alone:—
Your hand that waits to close my fixing eye,

May serve our country yet. Reply not—fly! [*Music. Blunt and Fitz-Eustace depart R. H. 2nd E. Clara timidly approaches.*]

Cla. O God! can this be haughty Marmion!

Mar. My throat is parch'd; O, for one blessed drop
To cool death's raging fever—will no hand
Do, to a dying man, that charity? [*Music.*]

*He swoons. Clara seizes his helmet, and filling it
from the fount, bathes his temples.*

Mar. [*reviving*] What gentle hand is this? Is't
thine, my Constance?—

[*sees Clara*] O, lady, listen—promise when I'm
dead——

[*Clara points to the cross.*]

I cannot waste my fleeting breath in pray'r.

Constance, a nun—

Cla. O, think of your own soul,
Her's is beyond your care; from Holy Isle,
Thro' whit'ning penance, it has sped to heav'n.

[*Marmion starts up wildly.*]

Mar. Then it was true, and they have murder'd
her.

O, that the fiend who waits for my black soul,
Would spare me but a day, an hour of vengeance.—
Vain, vain! I die——

Cla. Look on that cross, and let your contrite soul
Go with my pray'rs. [*Music.*]

Mar. Blest Clare, I cannot pray;
Nought in my ear sounds but the voice of Constance,—
Still floats before mine eyes her faded form.

*His eyes become fixed—alarm. Shouts, "a Stanley,
a Chester." Music. Marmion's eyes brighten:
he starts up.*

Mar. The day is ours.—Dacres, bring up the horse;
Charge full upon the centre; Stanley, charge——
On, Chester, on! victory, victory! [*Music.*]

Waves the broken blade over his head: then sinks

with a groan. Shouts of victory. Flourish. March. Enter in triumph, SURREY, WILTON, &c. with prisoners. R. H. U. E. Wilton and Clara fly into each others arms, Blunt and Fitz-Eustace bend over Marmion.

Sur. Take up his honour'd corse; he died a soldier:
Let us forgive his fault. Wilton, forgive him.

Wil. This hour, my lord, cancels my bond of hate
With every foe.

Sur. Has any one yet heard
Of lady Heron?

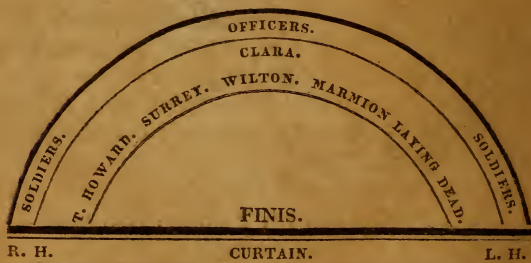
Thom. She was found, my lord,
Dead, with a Scottish dirk still in her bosom.

Wil. How certain is the fate of treachery!
Here stay we the pursuit: the prime of Scotland,
With their rash, gallant monarch, strew the plain.
Let the poor straggling kerns flee to their homes,
And over winter fires teach their pale issue
To tremble at the name of Flodden field.

Grand Flourish.

THE END.

Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls.



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Every One has his Fault,	Mr. Jefferson as Solus.
Henry Moon,	Mr. Wemyss as Rolando.
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Woman Never Vext,	Mr. Wood as Stephen Foster.
Hypocrite,	Mr. Foote as Dr. Cantwell.
Richard the Third,	Mr. Kean as Richard.
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